Oh Crap!

"But tio, Dad was cutting the warrior's trees!"

"I know, I know Bobby…but doing a bad thing for a good reason, is the same as doing a good thing for a bad reason." Diego calmly tried to reason with the boy as he hitched up a downed post rail.

Bobby wrinkled his nose at the logic and kicked a dirt clod with his bare foot. Diego was still talking, but Bobby had already tuned him out. Diego gave up his lecture and went back to repair the fence on the hog pen. Bobby picked up a few pebbles and began throwing them against the side of the chicken coop.

The hens began squawking and running out of the coop, their egg laying rudely interrupted. Bobby continued pelting the hen house, until a rush of feathers erupted from the pop hole. A huge white and black rooster emerged, shook violently and sized up the situation.

"Oh, oh…" Bobby muttered to himself.

The two-foot tall, tank of testosterone made a bee-line rush for the boy. Wings flapping and boney, spurred legs churned full speed. Bobby started running, throwing the rest of the pebbles at the feisty bird, which only enraged it more. The rooster lunged up with its scaly legs and beating wings as Bobby tried to fend it off. This crazed chase went on for several minutes until Bobby was able to grab the rooster around its neck, then pin those flapping wings.

"You dang crappy pollo! I'll fix you!"

Bobby marched over to the nearby outhouse, flung open the door and stuffed the insanely mad rooster down the shithole. PLOP! As he emerged triumphantly from the outhouse, he saw tio Diego hustling towards him.

"What's all that racket about?" Diego hollered.

Bobby put up a lame and lousy defense about the rooster attacking him. Tio Diego's eyes narrowed.

"That's my favorite rooster! Where is he?"

Bobby's eyes flitted nervously towards the outhouse, just as the faint crowing of the rooster could be heard. Diego stomped over to the outhouse, pulled open the door and called out to his shanghaied rooster.

"Get over here, Roberto!" Diego roared.

Meekly Bobby stepped forward. Diego grabbed his shirt collar and pulled him into the outhouse with him.

"Did you put him down there?!"

"Yes sir." Bobby mumbled.

"Then get him out!"

Bobby sputtered his objections but could not escape his tio's firm grip. Before he knew it, he too was stuffed through the shithole feet first. Bobby landed waist deep into the assaulting stench of human waste, causing him to gag and wretch. Wishing this torture no longer, he reached out to the flailing rooster and grabbed a wing. Bobby drug the floundering bird close enough to pin both wings. He pushed the thrashing rooster upward to his uncle's outstretched hand. The rooster was pulled free.

Both rooster and Diego disappeared for several minutes, as Bobby yelled for his own freedom. Eventually Diego's stout arm reached down for the boy and slowly pulled him up through the wooden shithole. The brown, oozy stench covered Bobby everywhere. Diego drug the wailing boy over to the same water trough he had just dunked the poor rooster in. Feathers still floated on the water's surface, as Bobby was deposited into the cold, smelly trough.

Point taken…